

*The Historie of*

*Fal.* You rogue, heres Lime in this Sack too, there is no thing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a Weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wolfacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

*Prin.* Why you horson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? answere me to that, and *Poines* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damnde care I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all Cowards still say I.

*Prin.* Whats the matter?

*Fal.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

Hose,

*Henry the fourth.*

Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them spake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*Gas.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Rofs.* We foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought yee with them all?

*Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two-leg'd creature.

*Poines.* Pray God, you haue not murthered some of them.

*Falst.* Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckromsutes; I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee alie, spit in my face; cal me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou said'st but two, euen now.

*Falst.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said foure.

*Falst.* These foure came all a front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen pointes in my Target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrome suites.

*Falst.* Seuen, by these Hiltes, or I am a Villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Falst.* Doeft thou heare me *Hal*?

*Prin.* I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

*Falst.*